



VOLUME CLV.—NO. 34.

NEWPORT, R. I., FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,674.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
JOHN P. SANBORN, A. H. SANBORN, Editors.182 THIRTY-THREE STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen pages it is still printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—Editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Increasing so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a busy one, there being many matters for the board to take up following the meeting of the representative council.

Regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved, and other routine business was transacted. Caleb P. Rodnick was elected foreman of Steamer 4. City Clerk Fullerton was authorized to advertise for bids for printing the City Manual. A communication from the Cleveland Vapor Light Company, suggesting the use of a special form of ornamental light, which they have recently brought out, for Bellevue avenue, was referred to the Mayor.

Bids were opened for the issue of \$25,000 in bonds for Easton's Beach improvement, and the members were surprised at the excellent prices offered. There were seven bids, the highest being \$9,83 from W. L. Rynd, & Co., of Boston, and the bonds were awarded to that firm.

It was voted that the city clerk be instructed to advertise for the offer of land suitable for playground purposes in both the northern and southern sections of the city, and when the offers are received the Mayor and board of aldermen will look the grounds over. The bonds for city officers were placed with William Williams, the bid of J. B. Parsons & Son being withdrawn by agreement.

There was some discussion about the specifications for the garbage contract, and it was finally voted to authorize the city clerk to advertise for bids, in conformity with the laws and ordinances of the council. The equipment of the successful bidder will be inspected by the board before he is allowed to take over the contract.

Chief Kirwin was present and explained the construction that is being done in the Harrison avenue district by the Illuminating department of the Bay State Railway. Minor repairs to the powder house were authorized, and it was intimated that the building might be turned over to the beach lessees for a tool house.

There were considerable discussions about the election of an architect for the Beach's improvements. Architect Sloane, who drew the plans for the Beach Association, was requested to appear before the board next Tuesday night and discuss matters. The city engineer was instructed to prepare plans and specifications for the extension of the board walk, the laying of the granolithic sidewalk, and the construction of a retaining wall.

The wedding of Miss Rose Phinney Grosvenor, daughter of Mrs. William Grosvenor of Providence and Newport, to Mr. George Peabody Gardner, Jr., of Boston, took place in St. John's Episcopal Church, Providence, on Tuesday. The affair was as quiet as possible on account of a recent death in the family of the bride but there was a large gathering of relatives and friends from all the larger cities of the East. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner will spend their honeymoon in Europe, returning to Boston to reside in the spring.

Mr. Walter A. Wright, the local manager of the Providence Telephone Co., has just received an elegant diploma certifying that he is a member of the "Telephone Pioneers of America." This diploma is signed by Theo. N. Vail, President, and Henry W. Popo Secretary. Only those who have been 21 years in the telephone service are entitled to membership in the "Pioneers." Mr. Wright has had 24 years service.

There will be a special town meeting in the town of Jamestown on February 15th, for the purpose of submitting to the voters a proposition to build an addition to the grammar school. The question of changing the date of the annual town meeting from the third Wednesday in June to the first Wednesday in April will also be submitted.

Representative Council.

There was a long and busy session of the representative council on Wednesday evening, called by the board of aldermen for the purpose of cleaning up some of the accumulated business before the council meeting is held to consider the report of the committee of 25. Inasmuch as the meeting proved to be very busy, the wisdom of holding it became apparent.

The first business was a consideration of Beach matters, on the report of the board of aldermen and the mayor. The board recommended that improvements at the Beach, in accordance with the vote of the people, be made as follows:

The laying of 850 feet of granolithic sidewalk 12 feet wide, and 860 feet, more or less, of retaining wall between the sidewalk and the bathing house, from the main entrance westward, together with 860 feet more or less of granite curb.

The extension of the present board walk 600 feet, more or less, of the same width as the present walk.

The building of a convention hall, 144 feet by 84 feet, in accordance with plans and specifications to be prepared by the Board of Aldermen.

The installation of a system of hot water baths.

That what unexpended balances may be left over carrying out the above recommendations be expended in new bathhouses and such improvements and repairs at the beach as the Board of Aldermen may deem expedient.

The report of Mayor MacLeod, of a conference that he had with the management of the Beach Association regarding the furnishing of free bathing for poor children, was read. A resolution, authorizing the board of aldermen to make the improvements in accordance with the recommendation was passed.

Then the talking began. The principal subject of debate was the furnishing of free bathing privileges for poor children, while the Beach management had stated it found impossible to provide at present. A number of members spoke in favor of free bathing, while others upheld the contention of the lessees. The resolution authorizing the improvements was finally passed, and then the council voted to urge the Beach Association to grant free bathing at the earliest possible time.

A resolution authorizing the park commission to contract with the Municipal Band for 12 public concerts during the next summer and appropriating \$500 therefore was referred to the committee of 25. An ordinance was presented to make certain employees of the highway department permanent men, to be removed only for cause, and to have the privilege of appeal to the board of aldermen in case of their removal. This provoked another long discussion. Some members objected to the plan, while others thought that all the employees should be included in the provisions of the ordinance. The question was finally referred to the committee of 25.

An ordinance was presented to amend to the police ordinance, increasing the present force by the addition of one sergeant and two patrolmen. Mayor MacLeod addressed the council and explained his reasons for desiring an increase. This would give an additional patrolman for the north end and for the south end of the city, and would insure that there be a sergeant on the streets at all hours. The ordinance passed after a little discussion.

The police station master was taken up on the recommendation of the committee of 25, that a resolution be presented to the Representative Council directing the city collector to get authority from the legislature to condemn the property on Market square for a police station site, in accordance with the report of the committee on police station site received January 6, 1913.

The accompanying resolution was passed without much discussion. A resolution was also passed providing for the issuing of \$30,000 in serial bonds, bearing date March 15, 1913, to be of \$1000 each, bearing 4 per cent. interest, three bonds to mature each year until the whole series is paid.

On recommendation of the board of aldermen, an ordinance was passed increasing the salary of the engineer of the city ball from \$900 to \$1100 a year, and Wallace C. Marland was re-elected to that position. The salary of the clerk of the highway department was raised \$16 a month, and Francis M. Slaton was re-elected.

A petition asking the city to purchase Wellington park for a playground, in accordance with the vote of the people, was referred to the board of aldermen, but the city collector ruled that the matter was entirely in the hands of the aldermen, in accordance with the terms of the proposition submitted to the voters and approved by them.

A long communication was received from the board of health enclosing copies of correspondence from the Newport Hospital, stating that that institution would not be able to receive more cases of scarlet fever or diphtheria until some of the patients now in the Hospital are discharged. In accordance

with this notice the board of health had opened the city emergency hospital on Maple avenue, and requested an appropriation of \$1000 for its maintenance. The resolution making the appropriation was passed.

A question was raised about the right of the Bay State Street Railway Company to run its wires through Newport streets for the purpose of supplying the town of Jamestown with electricity, and it was suggested that the board of aldermen investigate the matter.

An amendment to the ordinance providing for the pay of laborers on city contracts passed at the last meeting of the council, was adopted on recommendation of the city collector. The first ordinance was found to be correct and the amendment was suggested before advertising for certain proposals.

The council finally adjourned, after a very long session, leaving the decks practically clear for the report of the committee of 25 when ready.

Hospital Patient Escapes.

A patient escaped from the Newport Hospital in the early hours of Monday morning, and created considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Few of the householders realized the situation, because they were not awakened from their sleep, but the Hospital authorities had a busy time searching for the man.

Joseph Silvia of Middletown was operated upon at the Hospital on Saturday, and apparently rested quietly until Sunday night. Soon after midnight, when the nurse was temporarily absent from the room, he leaped from bed and dashed for the window. The nurse was after him in a moment, and caught his night garment, which gave way in her hand, allowing him to make his escape. She immediately notified the hospital officials and a large number of attendants made a thorough search of the grounds in the vicinity of the hospital, but without results. At about daylight Sunday morning, word was received that the man was in a barn on the Jurgens estate near Easton's pond. The ambulance was sent with attendants and the patient was returned to the hospital.

The operation that had been performed was of a very serious nature, and the man was totally devoid of clothing when he escaped. Silvia was the same man whose home was destroyed by the early Sunday morning fire on Green End avenue in Middletown, although he did not know of the fire at the time of his escape.

St. Paul's Lodge A. F. & A. M.

The 97th annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., was held Monday night when the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

W. M.—James Powell Coxon; S. W.—Charles H. Gestring; J. W.—Alexander J. MacIver; Treas.—William J. Conzen; Sec. W.—Thatcher T. Bowler; Chap.—Rev. William S. Jones; S. D.—William MacLeod; J. D.—George H. Austin; S. S.—Donald E. Speare.

J. S.—Bejamin F. Dowling, 2d; Mu. Dr.—Henry Stuart Heady; Mar.—John D. Richardson; Sect.—Arthur L. Oser; Tyler—William H. Durfee; Trustee, for three years—Thomas P. Peckham.

Relief Committee, for three years—William J. Cozzens.

Banquet Committee—Clark Burdick, Thomas P. Peckham.

The election was presided over and the officers installed by R. W. W. Williams, B. Scott, 5th District Deputy Grand Master, assisted by W. W. Frank P. King, as Grand Master of ceremonies.

A solid gold Past Master's jewel was presented to the retiring Master, W. W. Dudley P. Bachelder, the presentation being made by the new Master. A supper was served after the exercises.

Some days ago the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Kaufl had a very serious experience with a large St. Bernard dog. The boy was playing in the yard, when the dog came along and picked him up by his clothing, shaking him as a cat would shake a mouse.

Laying him down on the ground the dog stood off for a moment, and then picked him up and shook him again. The boy finally made his escape into the house, but suffered severely for several days as a result of the shock and fright. Although the dog may not have been vicious, it is a decidedly dangerous animal to be allowed to run at large, its size making it a terror to children.

Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt has issued invitations to a dinner that he will give at the Squantum Club next Monday in honor of his brother, Judge LeBaron B. Colt, who has just been elected to the United States Senate to succeed Senator George Peabody Wetmore. A number of Newporters will go up to attend the dinner.

Miss Emma Barry employed as head book-keeper for F. P. Garretson & Co. for the past seven years has severed her connections with the new firm.

Perry Victory Centennial.

An important meeting—Next Meeting to be held in Providence—Work on Monument Progressing Rapidly—The Big Celebration Next September.

An important meeting of the various sub-committees of the Interstate Board of the Perry's Victory Centennial Commission has just been held at Cleveland, Ohio, when encouraging reports of progress were read. The building committee announced that good progress is being made on the foundations of the monument. The open winter has proved of great advantage to the progress of the work. The Legislative committee reported bills for appropriations now under way in all the States that have not made their appropriations, viz.: New York, \$150,000; Illinois, \$80,000; Michigan, \$15,000; and Minnesota, \$50,000. The prospect of all three bills passing this winter is good, in addition Ohio is expected to make another appropriation of \$100,000 to be used for celebration purposes. The sums already appropriated and available are: United States, by unanimous vote of Congress, \$250,000; Ohio, \$80,000; Pennsylvania, \$75,000; Wisconsin, \$60,000; Kentucky, \$25,000 and Rhode Island, \$25,000.

The committee on celebration reported a tentative plan for the celebrations on the Island of Put-in-Bay, beginning July 4th. The cornerstone of the monument will be laid on that day with appropriate ceremonies. An oration will be delivered, probably by Colonel Henry Waller of Kentucky. A national salute will be fired in all the cities surrounding the Lake, with a fine yachting display. From July 4th to September 10th there will be at various intervals yacht races under the auspices of the Interlake Yachting Association; motor boat races; aeroplane and hydroplane exhibitions; patriotic society meetings, etc.

The naval militia of all the States bordering on the Lake, viz.: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, will participate, and will form an escort for the old Niagara of Perry's fleet which for nearly one hundred years has been sunk in the harbor of Erie, Pa. This vessel was the twin to the ill-fated Lawrence, and the vessel to which Perry carried his flag when he made the heroic transfer from the vessel that had borne the brunt of the battle for two and one-half hours to the fresh vessel which hitherto had been kept out of the fight by its commander. In the Niagara Perry soon brought down the British flag, and obtained the surrender of the entire fleet, which enabled him to send to General Harrison the immortal words: "We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop." This vessel is now being raised by the State of Pennsylvania. She will be equipped as far as possible as she was in the battle and will be escorted up the Lake by the naval militia of all the participating States. This will be one of the great features of the celebration.

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On September 10th will occur the one hundredth anniversary of the great battle. In the morning at 11:45 o'clock, the precise hour of the beginning of the fight one hundred years before, a salute will be fired from one hundred cannons situated at various places around the Lake. The President of the United States, the Governor-General of Canada, the Governor of the ten States participating, and distinguished citizens from all parts of the world will be invited to join in the great celebration of one hundred years of peace between the two great English-speaking nations.

An interesting feature of this day will be the removal of the bodies of the six officers (three American and three British) buried on the Island the day after the battle, from their present resting place to the crypt under the monument. Orations will be delivered by both American and British orators, as well as by the President of the United States.

In these ceremonies Rhode Island will have a conspicuous part. The escort duty to the President, Governor, and Governor-General of Canada has been assigned to the Rhode Island military that may be present. The exercises will last at least two days, and at the close there will be a supplementary celebration at either Detroit or Cleveland, in which the visitors from Rhode Island will participate.

At this meeting in Cleveland there were present Commodore George H. Worthington, President General; Colonel Webster P. Huntington, Secretary General; Hon. A. E. Shaxon, Auditor General of Pennsylvania; Treasurer General of the Commission; Col. Harry Cutler of Rhode Island, Auditor General; Col. McKenley Todd of Kentucky, Financial Secretary; General J. Warren Keifer of Ohio, ex-Speaker of the National House of Representatives, representing the United States Government; Hon. Milton W. Shaxon, Congressman-elect, from Pennsylvania, of the General Celebration Committee; John P. Sanborn of Rhode Island,

Senator John M. Whitehead of Wisconsin, and George W. Parker of Michigan, the three latter comprising the tri-city Celebration Committee.

The next meeting of the various committees will be held in Providence on February 21st and 22nd.

A Middletown Fire.

There was some excitement in Newport early Sunday morning because of a fire over the line in Middletown. A cottage on Green End Avenue, belonging to Henry C. Peckham and occupied by Joe Silvia, was practically destroyed by fire. A message was sent to Newport for help, and for some reason box 212, at Hall and Van Zandt avenues, was struck. The department responded and then had a lively hunt for the fire. The entire northern section of the city was pretty well covered by the apparatus, but when it was found that the fire was in Middletown the department was sent home. Chief Kirwin and a few men went to the scene of the fire in automobiles, but the building was practically destroyed when they arrived.

The fire meant a hard fight for the neighbors, in order to save their own property. James H. Wilber, who lives next door, discovered the fire, and at once aroused the neighborhood. A bucket brigade was formed, and by strenuous work the fire was confined to the house in which it originated. The house was unoccupied at the time of the fire, Silvia being at the Newport Hospital for an operation. His wife and children were staying with friends nearby. There was no insurance on the property, and the cause of the fire is unknown.

Y. M. C. A.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on Tuesday evening, when officers were elected for the year, and a very interesting report was read by George W. Chapman. In the report, Mr. Chapman told of many matters pertaining to the welfare of the city as a whole, as well as to the local interests of the organization, and told of the struggle that had been made to bring about an improvement in conditions in the city. Many things had occurred to handicap the growth of the Association this year, but he is hopeful of better things in the near future.

The officers elected were as follows:

President—Harry A. Thru;

Treasurer—Albert K. Sherman;

Secretary—Fred P. Webber.

Director—George H. Bryant, George W. Bachelder, Jr., H. A. Curtis, David C. Caesar, John A. Forbes, William MacLeod, Daniel Murrison, H. A. Tipton, Frederick Weir, Fred P. Webber, James T. White, Albert F. Hass, J. W. Horton, John McLean, William H. Arnold, Albert K. Sherman, William B. Franklin, Edward Griffith, John R. Austin, Rev. G. A. Huber, Henry H. Lawton, Gardner S. Perry, John T. Haile, Benjamin B. Cogswell, Herbert Blue.

Geo. Gordon King Library.

Jan. 26, 1913

To the Editor of the MERCURY: I was greatly pleased to read in the MERCURY the splendid offer of George Gordon

SHEANDOAH

By
HENRY TYRRELL
Founded on
BRONSON HOWARD'S
Great Play

A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing

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CHAPTER XIII.

Signals From Three Top Mountain.

PARDON me," murmured General Haverill, finally turning away from the youth. "Now, Colonel West, speaking of young officers, we have an adventurous piece of work for none out of them"—here Frank stopped to hear the rest—"a dangerous mission, so much so that I shall not order any individual to undertake it. A volunteer to lead the venture is what we want."

"Oh, sir, general, may I have the chance?" cried Lieutenant Bedloe.

"I thought you had passed on, sir," returned the general, looking keenly at him again.

"If it is a scouting expedition, sir, the young man went on with irresistible eagerness, "I beg to say that I have made myself thoroughly acquainted with the region heretofore. In fact, I was hoping to qualify as a scout. Please don't refuse me, sir."

"General, I have! I could not help showing that he was pleased."

"That is the right kind of talk," he declared, turning to the other officers. "Our young friend shall listen while I tell you what is required. We want the key to the enemy's cipher and signal code. They have a signal station on Three Top mountain yonder and another somewhere down the creek that is a nest of mischief to us. Every night we see their messages in fire on the mountain top, and we can't read them. What we want is a bold dash inside Early's lines and a sudden attack upon the station, with seizure of the papers and dispatches. If there is no practicable way of approach from this side of the mountain the thing might be risked with the right sort of leader."

"I know of a path, general, and I believe I could accomplish the undertaking," urged Frank.

"Very well, Major McCandless of my staff here will take you to Young's

ne Ellingham—says she has stopped at the house of one of the neighbors down at the ford, where she and I have a class of school children."

"She may be home for breakfast," added Bob reassuringly.

"I hope she will," rejoined Jenny, "not only on our account, but because a certain officer here is just as good as horses do combat as a result of her absence. She knew Colonel West was coming, and it seems very funny for her not to be here to receive him if only as a sort of 'dearest foe,' you might say. Gertrude is so cold, cruel, heartless thing, you know."

When they reached the house they found Kerchival already there, pacing the veranda.

"Have you any word from Miss Ellingham?" he asked as soon as they came in sight.

"Not yet, Kerchival," replied Bob, "but my sister is as well able to take care of herself in these parts as you and I are, and she's sure to give a good account of herself before much longer. Depend upon it, Kerchival, old chap, she never left this house with any idea of being absent when you arrived."

"Colonel West," spoke up Jenny Buckthorn, "I understood my father to say that General Haverill was coming up from him to have a talk with you."

"Do you know if they have further orders for me that will take me away from here today?" asked Kerchival.

"Not that I heard of, colonel. But they seem to be awfully worried about those signals from Three Top mountain and about that expedition just sent to try to get the key. I have had to let Heartsease go out on the job too. It seems General Sheridan wants to run over to Washington, and we are afraid there's mischief brewing if he does."

"At this moment General Haverill himself approached. He asked Colonel Ellingham about the latter's sister, Gertrude, and then immediately entered into such a serious conversation with Colonel West that the other young people discreetly withdrew.

"We have reason to expect a movement on the part of the enemy," began General Haverill, "and we must be able to read their signal dispatches if possible. Captain Lockwood of our own signal corps will report to you here with officers and men. In the meantime Colonel West!" Here the general took from his wallet a newspaper clipping and a letter envelope, which latter he hastily returned to his pocket. It bore the address of Colonel West. In Mrs. Haverill's handwriting, being, in fact, the one which had enclosed the missive from Washington received the day before and shown to Frank, who in his eagerness had dropped the envelope on the rustic table on the veranda, where the general had glanced upon it and resolved it without comment. Now he continued:

"Perhaps you can help me in explaining a personal matter about which I am curious. Here is a paragraph copied in the Richmond Dispatch from a South Carolina paper which interests us both."

He handed the clipping to Kerchival, who read:

"Captain Edward Thornton of the Confederate secret service has been assigned to duty in the Shenandoah valley. Our gallant captain still bears upon his face the mark of his meeting in 1861 with Lieutenant (now Colonel) Kerchival West, who is also to serve in the valley with Sheridan's army."

"We must both face the painful realities of war," she answered coldly.

"Believe me, Gertrude, my position is more—more regrettable than yours."

"Do not forget your paramount duty as a military officer on my account," she pursued tauntingly.

"Will you please hand me whatever dispatches or other papers may be in your possession?"

"And if I don't choose to? You can threaten me with force, I suppose. I am only a woman, going about my business—my military duty. If you please—in defense of my home. I—I did not know, Colonel West!"—here her voice wavered a little, but she recovered herself instantly—"that you were coming in this threatening attitude. Well, I am in your power. Order in the guard! Call up your whole regiment! Beat the long roll and then see if I give up!"

"Hello! What's all this?" demanded a gruff voice as the imposing form of General Buckthorn loomed up behind them. "Is this your prisoner, Colonel West?"

"Yes, general," stammered Kerchival, who nevertheless felt relieved at the sight of his senior commander.

"Jenny's father!" cried Gertrude, "I wonder if he will recognize me?"

"Fine young woman, eh?" said the old general in a hearty whisper, at the same time giving Kerchival a sly punch in the ribs. Then he turned and bowed gallantly, removing his hat, but as suddenly resumed his air of military sternness, held out his hand to Kerchival and demanded, "Let us see if you are a man to man."

"She refuses to give them up," answered the young officer.

"Oh, she does, does she? My dear young lady, kindly let us have those dispatches without any further palaver."

"Colonel West," he snarled, "Adjutant Hollins wishes to report a prisoner just captured."

"For the present, colonel," said General Haverill, rising, "we both have our duties. We will meet tonight after taps, when the camp is at rest."

Kerchival bowed assent and saluted.

"Now, then, Barket, I thought you were to wait at Buckton's ford with a fresh horse in readiness to watch for the return or findings of Lieutenant Bedloe's party and bring the first news posthaste."

"Right ye are, colonel. Sure, wasn't I there? And that's where we captured the prisoner."

"Guerilla or spy?"

"What?" cried Kerchival, agast.

"Ts, ts, I towid the boys yer honor wouldn't thank us for the catchin' of her. She's a lady and a purty one."

"Well, tell Major Williams for me to let her take the oath and everything else she wants, with the United States government's apology and an order for a new bonnet."

"But surely time will be allowed us to say goodbye?" inquired Madeline anxiously. "I can't help feeling worried at Gertrude not having returned last night though Rob—that is Col-

"Did she say that?"

"Well, she didn't use them exact words, but she looked at me to that effect. Oh, she's a spunkier sort. She was ridin' Heckety split through the woods on a gray horse, and we had the hell's own chase before we caught up with her by the head in Oak run. And at the same time we saw the gray back of a Confederate officer skedaddling off on the other side of the creek."

"I'm! Have you found any dispatches on the prisoner?"

"Colonel West, I'm a bachelorette, an' I don't be affer pretendin' to any familiarity with the jiveography of women's clothes. What could we b'y do, yer humor?"

"Sure enough. Tell them to send the prisoner here, Barket, and then you hurry back to your post at Buckton's ford and stay there until you get news of Bedloe."

The Irish trooper departed, and the girl prisoner was brought in by a corporal and two soldiers.

Dressed in a dark green riding habit and hat with sweeping plume, after the approved antebellum fashion of the fox hunting Dames of that section of Virginia, she looked indeed a dashing type of self reliant womanhood. Kerchival could not see her face because, ere he had time to look up from his map, she had proudly turned her back to him.

"Will you be seated, madam?" said the young colonel, who had risen from the bench and now stood by rather bashfully, wondering how he should proceed.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Colonel and the Lady.

THIS lady drew herself up disdainfully, folded her arms and remained silent. Kerchival shrugged his shoulders and made a new start.

"I am very sorry, madam, but circumstances are such that I can take but one course consistently with my duty. You have been captured within the lines of this army, and there is reason to believe that you are the bearer of important despatches. If so, I must ask you to give them up. I trust that you will give me whatever you have at once. It would be of no advantage to you and extremely awkward for me if you were to compel me to adopt the extreme—the very disagreeable—course for both of us of having you—well, I hesitate to use the word as a seeming threat, madam, but, the military law compels that you shall be!"

"Searched? Is that what you mean? If you dare, Colonel West!"

Here the prisoner turned upon him quickly enough, disclosing a flushed face and dazzling eyes framed in rebellious hair of warm bronze color. One look at this splendid spirited pleasure and Kerchival West sprang forward with arms extended, exclaiming:

"Gertrude, my dear Gertrude! Is it possible?"

"Not 'dear Gertrude' to you—my jailor!" she retorted, drawing back.

So this was their meeting! "Enemies" still, and drawn up in line of battle.

"Pardon me, Miss Ellingham," said Kerchival humbly. "I feel that I am your prisoner now."

"We must both face the painful realities of war," she answered coldly.

"Believe me, Gertrude, my position is more—more regrettable than yours."

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"For the present, colonel," said General Haverill, rising, "we both have our duties. We will meet tonight after taps, when the camp is at rest."

Kerchival bowed assent and saluted.

"Now, then, Barket, I thought you were to wait at Buckton's ford with a fresh horse in readiness to watch for the return or findings of Lieutenant Bedloe's party and bring the first news posthaste."

"I have no dispatches," replied Gertrude sputteringly, "and I would not give them to you if I had."

"What! You defy my authority? We'll see about that. Colonel West, search the prisoner!"

Kerchival stood aghast.

"General Buckthorn, I cannot obey that order."

"You—you refuse to obey my order?"

"That is the woman I love, sir," whispered Kerchival aside to the general.

"Oho! Why didn't you say so? I'll have to take matters in my own hands then!"

"Don't do that, General Buckthorn!" said the young officer, facing him with determination.

"Blast your eyes, sir! I'd court martial you if you did let me search her. But duty is duty. Consider yourself sworn at, sir. Young woman, Colonel West here has sacrificed his life to protect you."

"His life?" cried Gertrude.

"I must have him shot for insubordination in front of the enemy," commanded the general, giving Kerchival a huge wink.

"Well, tell Major Williams for me to let her take the oath and everything else she wants, with the United States government's apology and an order for a new bonnet."

"But surely time will be allowed us to say goodbye?" inquired Madeline anxiously. "I can't help feeling worried at Gertrude not having returned last night though Rob—that is Col-

except!"

"Ah, 'except.' Except what?"

"Only this letter," taking it from the bosom of her riding habit. "Here it is. Upon my honor, it is all I have."

"General Buckthorn took the letter and glanced at it over quizzically.

"Washington—ho! I see—Colonel Kerchival West!"

"Don't read it aloud, general, please," interrupted Gertrude.

"Very well, I won't." He read on, aside, mumbling to himself—"had

"Corjord, take away your prisoner!"

was Kerchival's only reply.

"Just as I thought," said General Buckthorn, reading. "The enemy has

a big movement on foot. Listen to this: Watch for signal from Three Top mountain."

"We are still in hopes that we may

be able to read that signal ourselves,"

said Kerchival.

"Yes, I know. It is pretty near time

for Barket to be back with some infor-

mation of the expedition. Be on your

guard here. I will speak with General

Haverill and then ride over to General

Wright's headquarters. Keep us in-

formed."

It was twilight—the soft, lingering,

entressing twilight of that idyllic valley

clime—when next the anxious heart of

Kerchival West was thrilled with the

sight of Gertrude.

"You are still on guard, Colonel

West?" she said, but her tone had

something of the old delicious, friendly

intimacy in it. "I am giving you no

end of trouble."

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M.D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M.D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal term to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experience—that a care for the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

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(Week Days Only.)

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Newport	10:00	New York	Nowport
(L.W. & G.T.)	(L.G.T.)	(L.G.T.)	(L.G.T.)
Week Days	10:00 p. m.	12:00 n.	7:05 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	4:45 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
10:05 p. m.	7:00 p. m.	10:25 a. m.	3:55 p. m.
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7:15 p. m.	2:15 p. m.	1:05 p. m.	4:45 p. m.

* L.W. Riv. Sta. N. Y. O.

To Block Island
and Providence

STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM

Meal Service in Cabin.

Lv. Long Wharf, Newport, Mondays
Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 11:15 a. m.; Lv. Block
Island, 3:00 p. m.; Lv. Newport, 5:00 p. m.
Due Providence 6:45 p. m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 320
Thames St. and at Wharf Office.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect September 29, 1912.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:55, 8:20, 9:10, 11:00, a.m., 1:10, 2:05, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m. Sundays,

Leave Fall River, (6:45 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 8:00, 6:15, 9:15 p. m. (G.C. Ter) (L.G. Ter) (Ling Wh.)

Week Days only.

10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 12:00 n., 7:05 a. m., 4:45 a. m., 10:20 p. m.

10:05 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 10:25 a. m., 3:55 p. m., 7:15 p. m.

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Lv. Fall River, 6:45 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 8:00, 6:15, 9:15 p. m.

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Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1013

Saturday, February 1, 1913.

Col. G. W. Goethals expects to put an ocean-going vessel through the Panama Canal late this year.

It is estimated that there are 750,000 automobiles now in active service in the United States, of which 81,177 are in New York state.

It is not about time that the face of trying to compel a foreign railroad corporation to build a competing line of road in Rhode Island, if it does not want to come to an end?

Governor Fox of Massachusetts says that he cannot possibly get through his next another year. So he wants a fourth term. Evidently he likes being Governor, most of them do.

It is said that President elect Wilson has selected his Cabinet and that the announcement will be made in a few days. There will be heartburning when that announcement is made.

The address of the Prime Minister of Canada is to the bold that country has on the Grand Trunk, shows the fatuity of the people of Providence ever expecting to make a great port of entry for that line and its steamships.

Public sentiment in this State is very strongly opposed to creating extra judgeships to give places to friends or political workers. It looks now as though the State would have to struggle along with only one extra judge.

The Democrats in the next U. S. Senate will have a clear majority of from two to four votes. Not a large number but better than being obliged to depend on the casting vote of the Vice Presidents. It looked one time might be the case.

Reports from the New York Legislature, received yesterday, state that at a conference between Gov. Sulzer, the leaders of the New York Assembly and the New York Party Centennial Commissioners, it was agreed that the State should appropriate \$150,000 for the Perry Memorial and the celebration of the 100th anniversary.

Tomorrow will be Candlemas Day, and we shall then have an opportunity to learn whether or not we are to have many real winter this year. If the day is a bright one, those who believe in the old sayings may be sure of more winter. Those who believe in more up-to-date methods are respectfully referred to the MERCURY Almanac.

Those Governors and others who for political reasons, want the State to assume control of the railroads got a knockout blow from Gov. Haines of Maine a few days ago. He says that he cannot see how directors of a railroad can be appointed by a state owning nothing of such property. Maine has no issue with the Grand Trunk. According to Gov. Haines, the Maine Central which is controlled by the New Haven system through the Boston & Maine is better managed today than at any previous time.

It is just and right that the poor of Newport should have the privileges of bathing at the beach. But it is not just for the city to leave the beach and all its privileges for money, and then expect the lessors to furnish free bathing for any one. Considering the short time the lease is to run the lessors are paying a large price for the beach privilege. They cannot be expected to reduce their income by giving away a portion of it. It is up to the representative council to make provision for Newport's poor.

The elevation of Judge Durus Baker of Newport to a place on the Supreme Court of Rhode Island is eminently fitting. The State needs the services of such men as Judge Baker on its highest court, and is particularly fortunate in being able to obtain them. The new Supreme Court Justice is possessed of a peculiarly judicial temperament, which has been developed to the highest degree by his long years of service in the lower courts. He has long had the reputation of administering exact justice, without the slightest taint of partiality or favoritism, and his integrity has always been far beyond suspicion. Furthermore, he is evenly balanced, unburned, unshaken by the constant annoying incidents that tend to irritate the nerves of many judges. His valued mind shrewly follows the unravelling of a complicated case, and his rulings are delivered promptly. His promotion is gratifying to lawyer and layman alike throughout the State, and more especially in Newport where the citizens have long since appraised his value at the proper figure.

Costly but Necessary.

We shall soon have a noble army of judges on the retired list in this State if we keep on creating new judgeships. We now have four ex-chief Justices on the retired list for which the State is paying \$24,000 annually. With the two new judgeships probably to be created we shall have thirteen judges in the Supreme and Superior Courts, to do what five men used to do. These thirteen judges draw \$15,000 a year salaries. Almost an even hundred thousand dollars for salaries alone; truly our Courts cost something.

New Steamboat Line.

The public will hall with pleasure the prospect of a new line of steamers in Narragansett Bay, for the more lines of transportation there are the better it will be for Newport. The line now running between Newport and Providence in the winter time is very little patronized, owing to the irregular manner in which the line is operated. A line run on regular schedule and making good time would be liberally patronized, summer and winter. This new company which proposes to run steamers daily between Providence and Cottontail City, stopping at Newport each way has an option on a steamer and to be safer than any passenger steamer plying the waters of the bay. She is equipped with engines that give her a speed of 20 knots an hour.

The steamer is 272 feet long, 37 feet beam and is of the side-wheel type, being 85 feet overall width. She has three decks and has staterooms and all modern conveniences for the comfort of passengers. Her charter will allow her to carry 250. It is expected that her running time between the two terminals will be 8½ hours.

Trips will be made each day in the week, leaving Providence at 9:30 in the morning and leaving Cottontail City at 8:30 in the afternoon. Capt. Elinson will be in command and will have a crew of 27 officers and men.

The charter that has been granted to the company allows it to operate a passenger and freight service between Providence and Newport, Block Island, Mattus' Vineyard and elsewhere. It gives them the right to lease or buy other lines and, in fact, confers all the privileges that have ever been granted to a company of this kind in this State. Perhaps the advent of this line will make the Providence, Fall River and Newport Co., a little more willing to accommodate those who want to come to Newport both summer and winter.

General Assembly.

The principal business before the Legislature during the past week has been the election of a new Justice of the Supreme Court, and the discussion among the members of the matter of further justices for the Superior Court. On Tuesday the General Assembly went into Grand Committee for the election of the Supreme Court Justice, and Judge Durus Baker of this city was elected by a large majority. He was placed in nomination by Representative Levy of this city, and received 83 votes to 53 for Judge Brown, the Democratic nominee.

It looks as though the Portsmouth Coal Mine enterprise is to prove a gigantic failure. Probably more than a million dollars have been dumped in there this time and now the expert who has made the examination for the stockholders recommends the abandonment of the mine owing to the unfavorable results to date and the uncertainty of any better results in the future. The engineer states that there are three obstacles, any one of which is serious, any two dangerous, and the three combined are fatal. These obstacles are inferior quality of the coal, its friability, and high mining cost. He estimates that about 44,000 tons have been developed, of which about 35,000 could be sold, making with that already taken out, about 80,000 or 85,000 tons developed during the past four years.

A majority report is made, accompanied by an engineer's report which is somewhat more favorable than the one already noted. This engineer believes that there are 98,000 tons developed for immediate mining, and 1,000,000 tons within a radius of 2500 feet from the present openings. He believes that the capacity of the plant can be increased to 600 tons a day, and that the company could earn \$80,000 per annum on an output of 120,000 tons. The minority report is careful to state that the chances of success are speculative, but he believes they are sufficient to warrant the continuance of operations, which means the raising of additional funds from the stockholders.

This under the present conditions will not be an easy thing to do, and it looks as though the whole enterprise would be abandoned. If it is, no one will ever be fool-hardy enough to start it up again.

Great Men of Long Ago.

"There were Giants in those days," Editor Newport MERCURY: "There were giants in those days." As years flow on the innumerable loss to Rhode Island and to the Nation in the passing away of those two great men, Henry B. Anthony and George Whitman Daniels, becomes more and more apparent. What a splendid specimen of Rhode Island manhood was Henry B. Anthony! In person and in character he was the ideal statesman, majestic yet kind without condescension, true to his friends, generous and tolerant to those who differed with him. The interests of his native state were always in his heart. As Washington is called the Father of Our Country, Henry B. Anthony might well be called the Father of Rhode Island. Many years have passed since, riding in the same carriage with President Angell of Michigan University I attended the funeral of Senator Anthony. Yet the influence of his engaging presence, his pleasant smile, his kind, encouraging tone and manner still lingers, and until my own hour comes the thought of him will ever be a golden link in the chain of memory!

And George Whitman Daniels—that tireless editor, that keen, penetrating, broad-minded thinker, that man of quiet, reserved expression, yet deeply tender and sympathetic soul. He had been stricken with apoplexy on Sunday, and on Monday, the day before my own birthday, I was told that hope had been given up and that I had been chosen by his family to prepare his obituary. I was the only person, except from relatives and medical attendants admitted to the deathbed of him who had less than an employer—a friend when I needed a friend, a teacher when I needed protection. The more I have seen of Journalism, the more I have learned to esteem the editorial talents of George W. Daniels. He had an almost incomparable degree that sense of the fitness of things, of the relatively value of news, of the probable effect and proper scope of editorial utterances, which speaks the master mind of a newspaper. He was most deliberate and cautious in forming attachments, but when he trusted beyond doubt that above all he was loyal to him, no influence, no argument could induce him to throw that loyal employee to the wolves. With Senator Anthony he built up the Providence Journal and Bulletin to be for both of them a mighty monument.

A Gigantic Failure.

Henry Mann

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PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

SUICIDE OF MISS GLADYS HALL.

The body of Miss Gladys Hall, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hall, was found by John Corcoran, Monday morning in the water near the Old Coal Mines wharf. Miss Hall disappeared from her home near the Coal mines on Thursday about 6:30. She had been in poor health for some time, and her mind had apparently been affected, and caused her to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river. When Miss Hall failed to return on Thursday evening her family were not alarmed. The neighbors were not so confident and made efforts to find the young lady. Mr. Corcoran was especially anxious and was out in his boat early Monday morning when he found the body lying on the sand under the water near the wharf. Miss Hall is survived by eight brothers and sisters besides her father and mother. She was a graduate of Roger High School class of 1912, and had hoped to continue her studies in the Normal School to fit herself to be a teacher. She was 21 years of age. She was a very attractive young lady and although of a quiet disposition she had many friends, both here and in New England. She was a member of the Young People's Club of this town. The funeral services were held at the Friends' Church, Wednesday, at one o'clock. Rev. James M. Estes conducted the services. There was a large attendance.

ELECTRIC FRANCHISE HEARING.

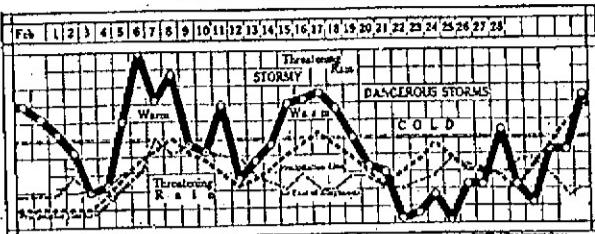
There was a large number at the Town Hall at the hearing of the Bay State Street Railway Company's petition for a twenty-five year's franchise to furnish heat, light and power in the town. Many took part in the discussion. The Council was in favor of granting the petition if there could be a few changes. President Robert H. Manchester and Councilman Minot A. Steele, M. D., were appointed a committee to confer with the railway officials about the proposed changes and report at the next regular meeting.

PLEASING MUSICALE.

There was a large attendance at the musicale given at St. Paul's Guild House on Tuesday evening. The Harmonica Quartet of Newport composed of Archibald Sherman, violin; Louis R.

FAGRANT and DELICIOUS
Millions who drink it recommend
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Sustains and Cheers

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The white line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures will be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and 14-15 for east of it 0:00-12:00 with fax area moving from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 30, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 30 to Feb. 8 and Feb. 4 to 8. Warm wave was Jan. 29 to Feb. 2 and Feb. 3 to 7, cool wave Feb. 1 to 5 and 6 to 10. This last mentioned will be preceded by a cold wave and accompanied by very high temperatures and all the weather features accompanying the latter storm will be of greater than the average storm force. Some precipitation with northern snows as the storm approaches, turning to rain as the warm wave comes in.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15.

This will be a moderate storm and will not materially interfere with outdoor affairs particularly west of the

Chase, flute; George H. Bryant, cello; and William Toll, piano; were assisted by Fred P. Webber, reader; Miss Marjorie Hicks, whistler, and Miss Edna Malone, pianist. There was a sale of cake, ice cream and home-made candy, following the musicale.

ILL WITH DIPHTHERIA.

Lloyd Anthony, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony, is very ill with diphtheria. The two older children, Elizabeth and Russell, are with their grand-parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry G. Anthony. The family physician has administered anti-toxins to the entire family, and the health officer has quarantined the house.

Mr. D. Frank Hall was given a birthday surprise party by about 25 friends on Monday evening. The parlors were decorated with red, white and blue electric lights. There were four tables at which Mrs. Abner P. Anthony and Mr. Constant C. Chase won the first prizes, and the consolations were won by Mrs. Alfred J. Mott and William F. Grinnell. Miss Helen Sinclair furnished music.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Cooke were given a surprise party recently at their home. Whist was played and prizes were awarded as follows: Mrs. George L. Anthony, lady's prize; B. Earl Anthony, men's first; Mrs. Henry C. Anthony, consolation for lady's; and Mr. Henry C. Anthony, the consolation for men.

Miss Oriana Anthony, the teacher of the infant class in St. Paul's Sunday School, gave a party to her class on Saturday in honor of her nieces, Christine and Augusta Anthony. Seventeen children were present accompanied by their mothers. Rev. Ansor B. Howard was one of the guests.

Miss Lilian Wheeler of Bristol Ferry and Mrs. Lena Bryer of Newport have gone to New York. Mrs. Bryer will visit Mrs. Myrtalia Verill, and Miss Wheeler will spend a month with her sister, Miss Harriet Wheeler of New Rochelle.

The Guild of St. Mary's Parish are planning to give a supper and dance next week at Oliphant Hall for the benefit of Miss Dorothy C. Tallman, who is Warren's Summit, N. H., for the benefit of her health.

Miss Kate Murphy of Newport is visiting her mother, Mrs. Dennis Murphy, while her sister, Miss Anna Murphy is on a trip through New York State with her sister, Mrs. Daniel Considine and Mr. Considine of New Bedford.

Mrs. Solomon Gardner, mother of Representative John T. Gardner, is quite ill. Mrs. Hortense Pierce is helping to care for her.

The social of the Young People's Club has been postponed indefinitely on account of the death of Miss Gladys Hall.

Mr. William W. Anthony spent Sunday in New Bedford, the guest of Mr. William G. Lamb.

Mrs. Almaina Tallman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edward Brown.

Mr. Philip H. Wilbour of Little Compton is the prize humorist of the Senate. Senator Muuross of Providence has amused himself and his associates with his pert remarks at various times, but it remained for Senator Wilbour to bring down the house with a long extemporaneous oration on the subject of good roads. He kept the Senate wreathed in smiles all the time he was talking, and several members began to feel uneasy because they did not know exactly where he would land next.

ELECTRIC FRANCHISE HEARING.

There was a large number at the Town Hall at the hearing of the Bay State Street Railway Company's petition for a twenty-five year's franchise to furnish heat, light and power in the town. Many took part in the discussion. The Council was in favor of granting the petition if there could be a few changes. President Robert H. Manchester and Councilman Minot A. Steele, M. D., were appointed a committee to confer with the railway officials about the proposed changes and report at the next regular meeting.

PLEASING MUSICALE.

There was a large attendance at the musicale given at St. Paul's Guild House on Tuesday evening. The Harmonica Quartet of Newport composed of Archibald Sherman, violin; Louis R.

THORPE A PROFESSIONAL.

Hero of Olympics Must Return To

phes He Won at Stockholm

New York, Jan. 28.—James Thorpe, the Indian athlete and Olympic champion, admits that the charge of professionalism brought against him is true, and has formally retired from amateur athletics. Thorpe's confession was contained in a letter to the registration committee of the Amateur Athletic union, which met here to investigate his case.

The letter admitted Thorpe had played baseball for a salary on a professional team three years ago while he was a student at the Carlisle Indian school.

Thorpe's winning of the Pentathlon and Decathlon events at the Olympic games in Stockholm and his performances which won for him the all-round championship of the A. A. U. had stamped him the most marvelous all-around athlete of modern times.

All the prizes and the honors which Thorpe has gained since 1909—the date from which his standing as a professional begins—must be transferred to the men who finished second to the Indian in every event.

"HUMAN BOMB" SENTENCED

Smiles and Winks at Detectives as He Gets Twenty Years

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 29.—Carl Riedelbach, who terrorized the central police station Nov. 19 with an infernal machine, was sentenced to twenty years in the pententiary. The sentence was imposed after Riedelbach had declared he believed dynamite was a good means of righting some social wrongs.

Riedelbach's good humor withstood even this shock and he smiled and winked at the detectives who ended his short tenure as sole master of the police station by knocking him unconscious and demolishing his infernal machine, after the fuse had been lit.

The three officers were officially decorated with medals for their bravery and Riedelbach joked them about it as he was taken back to jail after a motion for a third trial had been denied.

MINING PROMOTER CON

BALKAN ALLIES END ARMISTICE

Hostilities Are to Be Resumed
In Four Days

SITUATION IS MOST CHAOTIC

Revolt Among Turkish Troops on
Tchatalja Lines Believed to Be of
Grave Character—Turkey Closes to
Adrianoce and Islands in Her Re-
sponse to Balkan Envoy

London, Jan. 31.—The Balkan allies have given notice at Constantinople of the termination of the armistice, the period of grace of four days starting at 7 o'clock last evening. The armistice, which has been in operation since Dec. 3, was signed on that day by Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro on the one side and Turkey on the other. Greece never was a party to the cessation of hostilities. She has continued fighting both on land and sea. The Montenegrins also have come into conflict with the garrison of Scutari on several occasions in spite of the truce.

Events in the Balkan peninsula are being precipitated with such rapidity that the world may soon be confronted not with the question of peace or war, but with a catastrophe which will lead Turkey to civil war. Those who know the Ottoman empire believe the revolt among the Turkish troops on the Tchatalja lines was much more grave than could be gathered from the short dispatches allowed by the censor to trickle through. Close observers of events in Turkey expect similar revolts will occur in the Turkish Asiatic provinces, where the elements opposing the Young Turks are stronger than in European Turkey.

When the gist of the reply of the Turkish government was communicated to the Balkan delegates yesterday they declared that after their note handed to the Turkish plenipotentiaries Wednesday, in which they officially broke off the peace negotiations, they could not make a further move without instructions from their governments.

The Balkan delegates for the most part do not consider the Turkish answer to the powers a satisfactory one. "Emphatically the Turkish reply to the note of the European powers is not acceptable," was the comment made by Dr. Danoff, leader of the Bulgarian peace delegation here, when he was shown the terms of the Ottoman response. He continued:

"Speaking on behalf of all the peace missions of the allied Balkan nations, I state that the Turkish reply is not of a character to form the basis of fresh negotiations. We have said that the fortress of Adrianople and the Turkish islands in the Aegean sea must be ceded, and without this the negotiations will not be resumed. Moreover, this cession must be made before hostilities are resumed, as the first shot will change our conditions."

The Bulgarian minister of finance, T. Theodoreff, who is on his way to Sofia from the London peace conference, authorized an interview in which he says he regards the resumption of war between the Balkan allies and Turkey as certain, adding the final engagement probably will open next Wednesday. At the expiration of the armistice, Theodoreff said, the allies will press the siege of the fortress of Adrianople until that place falls, simply holding the Turks in check at the Tchatalja line. After the fortress has been taken all the Bulgarian siege material will be transported south to the Tchatalja fortifications.

The response of Turkey was presented at Constantinople by Mahmud Sehket Pasha, the grand vizier, to Matgrave Johann von Pallavicini, the dean of the diplomatic corps in the Turkish capital, yesterday.

The porte stipulates for the retention by Turkey of those quarters of the fortress of Adrianople in which the holy shrines are situated. It proposes to leave in the hands of the powers the disposal of the land on the right bank of the Maritza river, which runs through Adrianople.

In reference to the Turkish islands in the Aegean sea, the document insists on the maintenance of Turkish sovereignty there owing to the proximity of the islands to the Turkish mainland; but it intimates the readiness of the Ottoman government to leave the settlement of the insular regime to the powers.

The reply takes note of the promises made by the European powers in their recent joint communication respecting the giving of aid in the future development of the territory of the Turkish empire.

Aviator Killed by Short Fall

Berlin, Jan. 28.—The German aviator Heull was instantly killed while making a flight at Aix-La-Chapelle. He elevated his plane suddenly to avoid telegraph wires and fell out of his seat from a height of about thirty feet. His skull was fractured.

England's Big Naval Budget

London, Jan. 31.—England is continuing her struggle for the supremacy of the seas. The naval budget shows an increase of \$10,000,000 for construction of sea armaments.

Aged Maiden Weds Boy

Budapest, Jan. 31.—Miss Julia Santa, who lived a spinster for eighty-four years, married the 20-year-old grandson of her first suitor.

Refined Sugar Down

New York, Jan. 28.—All grades of refined sugar were reduced 15 cents a hundred pounds.

MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN

North and South Unite in Voting For \$2,000,000 Tribute Washington, Jan. 30.—The house late yesterday adopted the joint resolution approving plans of the fine arts commission for a \$2,000,000 memorial to the memory of Abraham Lincoln in this city. The resolution already had passed the senate, and now goes to the president for his signature.

It passed the house without amendment; after that body had debated the project for hours, during which several propositions were submitted as substitutes. All were ruled out on points of order.

In the debate on the measure sectional feeling was obliterated and representatives from the north and south joined in tribute to Lincoln.

Plans of the fine arts commission call for the erection of a monument in Potomac park, just south of the White House, to be housed by a Greek temple. An appropriation of \$2,000,000 already has been made for its construction.

LORDS REJECT HOME RULE

Result of Four Days' Discussion Was a Foregone Conclusion

London, Jan. 31.—After a four days' discussion the house of lords last night rejected the home rule bill, 326 to 69. The result was a foregone conclusion.

The speeches aroused little interest because, as the Earl of Halsbury pathetically observed, the position of the house was now that of an ordinary debating club—the peers could express their views and reject the bill, but they could not prevent it from becoming law.

Lord Lansdowne wound up the debate for the opposition; Lord Morley of Blackburn for the government.

The scene was altogether lacking in the dramatic excitement which accompanied the lords' rejection of Mr. Gladstone's bill in 1893 by a far larger majority, 378.

POLICE MAY SAMPLE LIQUOR IN LOWELL

Judge Does Not Specify, However, How It Should Be Done

Lowell, Mass., Jan. 30.—This city will soon become a paradise for policemen who like just a little nip of "something strong" as they make their daily rounds, for Judge Enwright of the city police court has suggested that all policemen of the city call at the barrooms and hotels along their routes and sample the "booz" served at each place. He said nothing as to how said sample was to be taken.

The suggestion on the part of Enwright came as the result of the unusual number of drunks that have come before him the last three days, 100 men and women being up for sentence in that time.

In the court the judge said he did not see why there should be such a large number of drunks. He believed there must be something radically wrong with the liquor sold in Lowell.

CUTTERS GIVEN A RAISE

Employers' First Break in Lynn Strike of Ten Weeks' Duration

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 29.—The first concession on the part of employers in the cut sole workers' strike at Lynn, which has been going on for ten weeks, was made when the Boston and Lynn Cut Sole company reinstated their employees with a \$1 increase, a nine-hour day and half a day Saturday, together with a five-minute interval for washing.

The cutters now receive \$21, soles \$19 and stitching \$16. It is rumored that many other firms will agree to meet the demands of their employees in the near future.

REMARKS APPLAUDED

Congressman Would Tax Minister Who Performed Mixed Marriage

Washington, Jan. 31.—To "tar and feather" the white minister of Niles, Mich., who performed the marriage of George F. Thompson, a negro, to Helen A. Hanson, a 15-year-old feeble-minded white girl, both of Chicago, was the suggestion in the house by Representative Hoddenberry of Georgia.

He made a violent attack, referring to the Jack Johnson case. Frequent applause marked his speech.

SHIPMENT OF MILLION IN GOLD

Boston, Jan. 29.—A shipment of \$1,000,000 in gold was made from the local United States sub-treasury. The coins were sent by express to New York city and there will be placed aboard a steamer for England.

BISHOP COADJUTOR CONSECRATED

Burlington, Vt., Jan. 30.—Rev. William F. Weeks of Shelburne was consecrated as bishop coadjutor of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont with impressive exercises held in St. Paul's church here.

X-RAY KILLS SCIENTIST

Paris, Jan. 28.—Dr. Paulin Mery died from burns on the hand inflicted by X-ray rays. Blood poisoning set in, necessitating an operation from which the scientist failed to rally.

WILSON'S CHOICE ELECTED TO SENATE

Trenton, Jan. 30.—While President-elect Wilson looked on from his seat on the speaker's dais in the lower house of the New Jersey legislature William Hughes, a progressive Democrat and the choice of Wilson, was elected to the United States senate.

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Amsterdam, Jan. 29.—Queen Wilhelmina is on her way to a resort in the Tounus mountains, where her husband, Prince Henry, is ill.

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REFINED SUGAR DOWN

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MARTYRS FOR NOBLE CAUSE"

Gry of London Suffragettes When Sentenced to Jail

HUNGER STRIKE IS DECLARED

Mrs. Pankhurst Notifies Agatha That the Campaign of Violence Will Be Continued Until Women Get Right to Vote—Letter Box Outrages Continue—Shopkeepers Frightened

London, Jan. 30.—Thirty militant suffragettes, headed by Mrs. Drummond, their "general," who were sentenced to fourteen days jail terms for rioting, declared a hunger strike as soon as they were placed behind the bars yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Drummond was offered the alternative of a \$10 fine, but scornfully refused to pay tribute to a man-made government.

The women prisoners unanimously declared they were determined on a hunger strike unless they were classed as political prisoners. "This is only the beginning," said one. "Thousands will take up our work."

"We will die for votes," screamed Mrs. Drummond. "We will be martyrs for a noble cause."

Yesterday was the liveliest day the Bow street police court has seen for a long time. It echoed alternately with cheers and shrieks of frenzied rage from the throats of the suffragettes on trial and their companions who jammed the courtroom.

"It is war to the knife," shouted one woman when arraigned. "Chancellor David Lloyd-George and the police certainly have lots of trouble before them."

Friends of the arrested women, confident that they would choose prison rather than pay fines, brought them grips and suit cases filled with clothing and toilet accessories, boxes of books and papers, wraps and steamer rugs. The corridors of Bow street court looked like a railway platform on excursion day.

Mrs. Drummond, who is a woman of extraordinary big stature, led a wedge of athletic suffragettes against the policemen guarding the office. Although the women fought with might and main, literally hurling themselves against the officers, they were quickly overpowered. In court Mrs. Drummond boasted of being an Amazon.

"We will continue our campaign of violence until we get the right to vote." This ultimatum was sent to Premier Asquith by Mrs. Pankhurst, leader of the Women's Social and Political Union, the militant wing of the suffragettes.

Although the first day of the women's guerrilla war against the government, because the "franchise bill had been dropped," did not develop any new lines of militancy, it has caused a reign of panic among all classes of people who fear that the suffragettes will take it into their hands to destroy private property.

Should the leaders order the destruction of windows in private homes serious riots would follow. Already there is a deep resentment against the lawless women on the part of the small shopkeepers who have suffered financial loss from the raids of the suffragettes.

Throughout the day every police station was avalanche with continuous reports of letter box outrages in every quarter of London, and policemen made several arrests, but were unable to catch any raiders red-handed. Paint and acids were dropped into the letter boxes.

Oxford and Regent streets presented novel appearances, with their shop windows shattered and boarded up. Following the wholesale window smashings of Tuesday night, nearly every shopkeeper had his windows protected.

It is understood that the government is planning further conspiracy charges against Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Drummond and others for inciting their followers to violence.

CARRIES \$40,800,000

House Passes "Pork Barrel" Bill Without an Important Amendment

Washington, Jan. 29.—The house yesterday afternoon passed the annual rivers and harbors appropriation bill, the biggest of the so-called "pork barrel" measures, without an important amendment. It carried \$40,800,000.

A motion by Representative Callaway to recommit the bill to the committee with instructions to limit the expenditures for the Atlantic inter-coastal canal project was voted down, 62 to 160.

SOCIALIST UNSEATED

Found to Have Wrongfully Secured "Election" to Kansas Legislature

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 31.—The Kansas state senate unseated its only Socialist member, Fred Stanton of Crawford county, by a vote of 21 to 10, in favor of E. E. Porter, Republican.

Evidence presented to the elections committee tended to show that men crossed the line from Missouri to vote for Stanton; that there were errors in the count and that aliens voted.

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WANTS FISHER TO REMAIN

Wilson May Induce Secretary of Interior to Remain in Office

Washington, Jan. 31.—President-elect Wilson is bringing the strongest possible pressure to bear upon Secretary of the Interior Fisher to accept the same portfolio in the new cabinet as he now holds in that of President Taft.

Fisher is reluctant to accede to the request of Wilson, it is understood, on financial grounds. On the other hand, he does not like to refuse because he is thoroughly interested in his work. The president-elect has been urging Fisher by special messenger, and by correspondence. Many of those who are acquainted with the situation believe that in the end Fisher will accept.

RAILROAD CHIEFS ARE REINDICTED

New Grand Jury Acts on New Haven-Grand Trunk Agreement

New York, Jan. 31.—Charles S. Mellon, president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company, and E. J. Chamberlin and Alfred W. Smithers, president and chairman, respectively, of the Grand Trunk railway of Canada, were indicted by the federal grand jury for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, in connection with an alleged monopolistic agreement between the New Haven and Grand Trunk roads.

The second jury hearing was ordered on a technicality, and before a new jury, it having been shown that one juror in the first panel was a non-resident.

BRUIN VISITS SCHOOL

Episode Leads Teacher From the East to Resign Her Position

Dover, Jan. 31.—A big grizzly bear ambled into a mountain schoolhouse in Allens Park, forty miles northwest of here, while Miss Helen Warren of Jamestown, N. Y., the school teacher, was instructing a dozen children in the three "R's."

All was confusion in an instant and the pupils scuttled under desks and behind Miss Warren. She tried to look fierce and brave and succeeded so well that after a few moments Bruin turned tail and slowly left the building.

Miss Warren, all unaccustomed to the uncanny ways of Rocky mountain grizzlies, has resigned her position.

CURFEW PROVES A SUCCESS

Salem Youngsters' Quickly "Beat It" When Fire Whistle Blows

Salem, Mass., Jan. 30.—Not a boy or girl under 16 was to be seen in the streets of Salem after 9 o'clock last night, as result of Mayor Hurley's curfew order

THE FAMOUS LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

MORE than fifty years have passed since the famous debates occurred between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, and yet they constitute to this day the greatest forensic struggle of the kind in the history of the nation. Douglas at the time was United States senator and was not only the idol of his party, but was generally regarded as the most brilliant politician and the foremost debater in the land. Lincoln was little known outside of Illinois. While he had the unanimous support of his party in the state for United States senator, his friends had misgivings that he would not be able to meet the great Douglas. Lincoln himself brought about the debates, however, because he wanted to reach the Democrats with his arguments.

There were seven of the debates, the first occurring at Ottawa, seventy miles southwest of Chicago, on Aug. 21; the second at Freeport, in the extreme north of the state, six days later; the third at Jonesboro, in almost the extreme south, on Sept. 15; the fourth at Charleston, in the east central portion of the state, three days later; the fifth at Galesburg, in the western part of the state, on Oct. 7; the sixth at Quincy, on the banks of the Mississippi, Oct. 13, and the last at Alton, a short distance north of St. Louis, Oct. 15.

The arrangements were that Senator Douglas should open with an hour, Mr. Lincoln following with an hour and a half and Douglas closing with half an hour on the first day, Lincoln opening with an hour, Douglas following with an hour and a half and Lincoln closing with half an hour on the second day and thus alternating regularly.

All of this is now a twelvethold tale, yet it is one in which the interest is perennial. Historians are generally agreed that these debates not only gave Mr. Lincoln the Republican nomination for the presidency, but forced Douglas into position where to win the senatorship he had to alienate southern support, thus dividing the Democracy in 1860 and making Lincoln's election possible.

The debates naturally created tremendous excitement, and the crowds were record breakers for that day. Douglas began in a jaunty vein, and his references to Lincoln were patronizing. His opponent responded with straight and serious argument, refusing to resort to the wit for which he was famous. Mr. Lincoln's chief weapons were logic and clarity of statement, and before the struggle was over he had his antagonist worried.

The "Little Giant" lost his temper on several occasions, indulged in personalities and on one occasion charged Lincoln with attending a convention and helping frame a radical set of resolutions with which he had not the remotest connection. When this trick was exposed it brought condemnation on Douglas throughout the land. His personalities also gave offense. On the whole, the moral effect of victory was with Lincoln. The ability with which he presented the Republican position challenged nation wide attention.

The contrast between the two speakers was so marked as to be almost ludicrous. Douglas was as short and heavy as Lincoln was tall and lean. Douglas' voice was deep, and his enunciation slow and somewhat ponderous. Lincoln's voice was pitched rather high, but had great carrying power. Douglas sometimes attacked his audiences, made bitter remarks about the "Black Republicans" and on at least one occasion talked about fighting his opponent. Lincoln was always good natured, eminently fair and personally respectful in his attitude.

Douglas was boisterously cheered for his oratory, yet his hearers could remember little that he said. Lincoln usually won less partisan applause, but his points stuck in the minds of his audiences for years afterward. He attempted no flights of rhetoric, no appeals to passion or prejudice, but depended on straight, hard reasoning.

All the meetings were very large, with the exception of those at Jonesboro and Alton. One of the biggest was at Galesburg, where the stand was erected in front of Knox college. Here the crowd was with Lincoln. At nearly all of the debates the farmers drove in for fifty miles around, camping out on the prairie where accommodations could not be found. Reporters were present from the big papers, one or more of the New York dailies and nearly all those of Chicago being represented.

The debate that has taken the chief place in history was that at Freeport. Here Lincoln propounded his famous second question regarding the right of the people of a territory to exclude slavery before the adoption of a constitution. Douglas had asked Lincoln a number of questions at Ottawa, and at Freeport, which was the next meeting point, Lincoln told him he would reply to his opponent's interrogations if Judge Douglas would answer an equal number. When asked directly if he would accept the terms Douglas remained silent. Lincoln then said he would answer his opponent's questions whether Judge Douglas reciprocated or not. He thereupon proceeded to do so, after which he propounded his own questions to Douglas. The second of these, it is claimed, lost the senatorship to Lincoln, but lost the presidency to Douglas.

Forgot to Ask.

She—The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine. He—Ummer—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone—New York Weekly.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil, nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.



LINCOLN MEMORIAL CONTAINING LOG CABIN IN WHICH HE WAS BORN

"When I go on a trip I never know what I ought to take with me."

"Oh, I do. It's quite simple. I take all my dresses and leave behind my husband."—La Vie Parisienne.

They used to "repark," did he and she. Each night ere they were wed. And now w'y "blaze" out frequently? 'Tis by the neighbors said.

—Boston Evening Transcript.

Save a Little.
It is good to be helpful and friendly, but don't give yourself to be melted into candle grease for the benefit of the tallow trade.—George Eliot.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

Uses of the Plantain.
The plantain is one of those articles of food which are at once cheap and very health giving. Its cultivation is inexpensive, and swampy places are its natural home. Its uses are many. No part of the tree is without its benefit in the economy of life. Its leaves serve the purpose of plates and dishes. The ripe fruit is eaten with relish. The flower, the stem, the green fruit, are all constituents of the vegetable curry. Very fine cloth is manufactured from its fiber. In Bengal there are about thirty varieties of plantain trees, each one of which has a special use, physical, religious or medicinal. Not much skill or science is required in planting the tree, and once it has taken root it dies pretty hard. As a manure for fields not very favorable for the growth of other plants and trees the roots and withered leaves of the plantain are almost unsurpassable. It will grow anywhere, and it has been calculated that a modest Hindu family can jog on fairly well on the sale proceeds of the daily yield of a plantain field covering quite a small area.

Coleridge as a Talker.

Coleridge was a marvelous talker. One morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me Coleridge talked for three hours without interruption about poetry and so admirably that I wish every word he uttered had been written down. But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible not only to myself, but to others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one afternoon when he was in a lodging off Pall Mall. He talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. On quitting the lodging I said to Wordsworth: "Well, for my part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration. Pray did you understand it?" "Not one syllable of it," was Wordsworth's reply.—"Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London."

His Presentation Speech.

In Italy in the days when Queen Margherita was the lovely young bride of the then crown prince a little anecdote of her reception in one of the hill towns was current alike in society and in the press. The little boy who was to present the usual bouquet was the son of a distinguished literary man, and he had been taught a pretty poem of a few lines in graceful prose of the princess. But when the moment came to recite he stood mutely gazing at her too overcome to speak. After a moment in order to relieve the situation the princess smiled and held out her hand for the flowers. The little fellow held back for a moment, then, to the delight of the assembly, explained confidentially as he gave the flowers to her: "There were verses, but you are so beautiful I can't remember them."

She That Passed.

She had on thin black silk, with white accoutrements of some sort loose and wavy in the body and fluttering in the skirt. May be her shoes were black and her stockings white, or vice versa. I couldn't swear which, and she was fairly long and fairly little, and when she went by she left a sense of having passed. We didn't see her face at all, but we were both looking after her as she turned the corner.

"Do you think," said I, "she is a married lady?"

He considered.

"I would not say that, but she did not somehow give the impression of a consistent splasher, did she?"

Not just that impression, not—Life.

Sirens and Sponges.

The origin of the sirens, whose voices charmed men to their death, has been fancifully attributed to a species of great sponge that grows in the Tyrrhenian gulf. Sponge fishing is the chief industry of the Tripolitan and Tunisian coasts. Through a golden mist that rises when the sun is setting the giant sponges are seen like nymphs seated in the depths of the clear water.—Exchange.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Shopper—How do you like my new oriental rug? Mrs. Hopper (scanning the rug critically)—Are you sure it is oriental? Mrs. Shopper—Sure! Why, I stood by just as it was being finished by a Turk, or an Armenian, or a Persian—I don't know which—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Striving to Enlighten.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is facing the inevitable?"

"Facing the inevitable, my son, is what you are advised to do when a system of taxation or business is unsatisfactory to you, but profitable to somebody else"—Washington Star.

Above the Average.

Mrs. Wayup—How much sleep do I need, doctor? Doctor—Well, the average person needs about seven hours. Mrs. Wayup—Then I shall take about fourteen. I consider that I am much above the average. —Judge's Library.

Not Enough Time.

Lonise—Clara married her husband to reform him. Jolla—Did she succeed? Louise—No. He lived only forty years after the wedding.—Life.

Less Manual Labor.

Lady—You seem to like my ples. Tramp—it's de only one I got dis week dat I didn't have to get at wit' a can opener.—Kansas Capital.

A fool flatters himself; the wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer.

Those Horrid Creditors.

Irate Father (to son)—It's astonishing, George, how much money you need! Son—I don't need any, father; it's the other people who need it.—Exchange.

Cruel.

Miss Fortysummers—I had a proposal last night and refused it. Miss Crushier—You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifles with and endangers the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pure-gorse, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Skilled Archers.

In the days when buffalo ran in vast herds on the western plains there were Indians who, while riding at a gallop, could send an arrow through a buffalo's body. Remarkable as this feat was, yet it did not equal that reached by the archers of ancient times. It is of record that the Macbeths of Galloway, Scotland, were such skillful archers that they could hit a nut at a distance of 500 yards. In 1794 the Turkish ambassador in London shot an arrow in a field near that capital 415 yards against the wind and 482 yards with the wind. This was the greatest performance of modern days, but a pillar standing on a plain near Constantinople recorded shots ranging up to 800 yards. Sir Robert Atchison, British ambassador to the sultanate, records that in 1798 he was present when the sultan shot an arrow 972 yards.—Field and Farm.

Breaking It Gently.

On one occasion when a public reception was given to Mr. Gladstone a particularly obnoxious old gentleman was introduced to him and forthwith commenced rattling him to such an extent that the late premier grew weary of him, so bidding the man good day he settled down heavily into the nearest chair. The lord, instead of passing on, lingered near and seemed to have something still in his mind, though he looked blissful. Mr. Gladstone observed this and said, not sweetly, "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything, more of me?"

"Oh—oh, no," said the man, smirking, "only perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is bearing the illustrious honor to occupy the same chair with W. E. Gladstone."—London Record-Herald.

Nature as a Cook Stove.

Minor housewives of New Zealand have discovered, like their more civilized sisters, the value of the fireless cooker as a labor saver, but their cooks have neither the means nor the ordered Nature furnishes them in inexhaustible supply, for they are nothing more nor less than the small geyser of the region. Using a box, a basket or a bag, depending on what they are cooking, the women stick the receptacle in the moist mud over a steam-hole, which makes an admirable oven. They not only cook their meals, but do their washing in these baby volcanoes.

Seemed Likely.

The young man had gone to the heiress' father—always a ticklish job—but took his courage with an iron grip.

"Sir," he blurted out, "I want to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man, not in the least disconcerted, said:

"Which hand? The one she signs checks with, I suppose?"—London Spy Stories.

Asking For It.

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocom, here's a good one. Why is the letter "d" like a wedding dress? Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums. Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because we can't be "wed" without it—Pearson's.

Encouragement.

"That girl has rejected me three times," confided the disconsolate youth. "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "you should feel encouraged. A girl who will listen to three proposals from the same man must think something of him."—Washington Star.

Correct Dress.

"You are perfectly right, Biddle, when you say that it is correct for royalties to wear royal gowns at public functions, but for a knight of the bath to wear either a bath robe or a knight's armor at court would hardly be dignified."—Judge's Library.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Woman's Faith,

Robert Bowditch's step grew slower as he sauntered through the chill until he saw the glint of his own home windows. The curtains were not drawn; it was a fancy of his; he loved to see the light as he turned the corner; it made the way seem shorter, somehow and put new strength into his tired limbs—"Just like a race horse coming down the home stretch," as he told Lucy once he had laid down the Watchet Gazette, brilliant of the country fair and races. So, always, before Lucy turned the corner, his heart rose and his step quickened, seeing the onerous gleam; but tonight his big heart lay like lead in his heavy bosom, and his step lagged strangely till just at the inner circle of light, he stopped and looked into his home. His teeth were set hard as he looked, and his breathing came no long drawn and astute.

Yet it was a pleasant little picture—nothing bright or vivid, only just what one would fancy a man after a hard day's work would like to call his to. A carpet, simple, but fresh and radiant, on the floor; no engraving or two on the wall; the tea $\frac{1}{2}$ set, with no glimmer of plate, but with snowy linen and well polished ware, a bright light and a cozy little fire, for the night was chilly, for all its spring promise. But Robert wasn't thinking of comfort just then, as he stood outside in the gloom; yet he took the usual steps in, even noting, with painful detail, that strong and keenly, his fingers lying before the gate. "A little thing? Yes; but he remembered well when Lucy brought them—her shy, bridal gift. To and fro, with deft, busy fingers, putting a last touch to the homely supper, a woman, small, but true of figure, moved, and little shadow on the wall, whose substance was invisible, seemed striving to follow her with odd, uncertain movement. Lucy and Floss, his wife and yearling boy.

Robert watched them eagerly, standing there, till Lucy, catching up Floss with quick, merry kisses, came to the window and strove to peer into the darkness. Looking for him, he knew, and what was he going to bring her?

While he stood there, the backward tide had run swiftly, and he remembered enough to make him half doubt, alone with the night, whether God really meant him to take this cross on his shoulders. No, no, not that; and he stood up, stalwart and young; but ought he, could he, place it on herself? If he could only bear it alone; but he knew Lucy. I think he groaned, whining at the thought; but now but God and the night were by to bear. How long had they waited for just this, he thought—this little home. Waited till Lucy, who had her burden and would let him share it, had grown from a shrinking, blushing girl into a woman, even-voiced and steady-eyed; but he knew how the stream ran beneath the calm surface. How tired she used to be in those old days without him; and though Robert Bowditch's love lay deeper than satin skin or youthful bloom, he thought, half sadly, how young and blithe and happy she had grown with him and little Floss.

"Well," he said, hurriedly, with almost bitterness, seeing the child now down on her knee, "she'll be left her baby Floss," and went to.

Floss stretched out her hands with impatient, baby-scolding talk to him, and Lucy smiled a deep, happy smile as she called him to account for his delay. "Your first black mark," she said. "I never allow my scholars to be tardy."

Lucy had been a teacher in all those waiting years; but there was no sharpness in her voice of eye-to-night, to tell of worn patience and thankless toil.

Floss was in a perfect craze of baby foolish; Lucy's mood was fairly gay, and to her outpouring of all Floss' inimitable doings of the day, she scarcely noticed how quiet was Robert, who usually came into the house like a streak of June sunshine; or, rather, more like a brisk, stirring breeze, carrying everything along, and blowing all dust vapor aside. But Robert was silent tonight, and only listened silently to Lucy's eager talk, kissing the white Floss' hands or lips, or her hair, so soft and silky, which first led them to style dignified Miss Florence's little Floss. But at last Floss opened her sunny blue eyes at their widow, in a vanquished endeavor to keep awake all night, and in another moment shut them as tightly, and fell in the middle of a laugh, fast asleep on her father's shoulder.

And while Floss slept, sang to her cradle, Robert laid poor Lucy's head under the coverlet and told her. Only a little, common, every-day story, 50 years ago. Robert was going to war. But I suppose those two hearts suffered just as much as though thousands around them were not bleeding, too. I don't know how Robert told her. He was only a plain, brave-hearted working-man, loving his wife and loving his country. Perhaps it was eloquent—love often is, even in mouths that seem little fitted for it—and to what like Robert his country love had something holy in it also. I drew a veil over the sacred sorrow of that hour. Lucy told her simple story. How Robert went to war, and she was alone and must do something till he came back. How she thought, if she could only find some place in the country, she could keep little Floss with her, where she could have plenty of good air and a mother's care. Mrs. Harding's round figure and pleasant face framed by the doorway. "Come right in, dears," she said. "The little girl must be tired. Why, she's nothing but a baby!" Then Lucy told her simple story. How Robert went to war, and she was alone and must do something till he came back. How she thought, if she could only find some place in the country, she could keep little Floss with her, where she could have plenty of good air and a mother's care. Mrs. Harding's heart warmed at once to the little clear-eyed woman and smiling Floss. Perhaps she thought of her own baby son and little Floss to her lips and kissed her, only her baby was a stout, tramping soldier now, gone to the war as Robert had. But he was the last of a large circle which had scattered far and wide, and he was always "her baby" to Mrs. Harding.

So, shortly Lucy sat churning in the back porch, while Mrs. Harding grew more and more reconciled to Jesus' departure, as she rolled out innumerable doughnuts in the wide old kitchen. "If father only looks at me," I do," she thought, a little nervously; for Solomon Harding, a good soul in the main, was apt to be "just a little grumpy with his wife," as his wife phrased it, and "couldn't abide strangers about his house." For her part, she just called it one of her fears of luck, growing more and more in love with her "neat-handed Floss," as the morning waxed; and Lucy went busily about with her quiet womanly tact.

At "sharp 12" the golden balls of butter, neatly shaped and stamped, had time to get "wounded" to the core, the shelves of the clean, cool dairy; and with a pleasing consciousness of the work's being "done up" generally, Mrs. Harding took down a tin horn, whose note would sound as sweet as any hymning choir to Solomon's waiting ears. Then into the front room went Mrs. Harding, and peered through the blinds to watch Solomon's arrival; for down the path a little way strayed Floss, gleeful and happy, with little merry, sudden capers now and then, that made Mrs. Harding murmur, "How more?"

Lucy did but a simple heart, yet loyal in all things to the core. She knew Robert loved her and trusted her for the rest. So Robert went, and when the gallant company filed past the window of her eyes, with all their eager fire quenched to a tide of lovesick longing pity, met Lucy's smiling, tender and strong. Well for her he did not stay long, prone to the floor, like one bitten, as he passed from her sight, till at last she woke from her swoon with Floss' restless fingers now tangled in her hair, and this lovesick-

galling, with gleeful curiosity, her closed eyes and silent lips.

Rousing herself, bruised and sore at the seat, she took up Floss and her buried ague, and bravely set to work, without a flick or murmur. Yet it cost her pain, for all else was doubt.

Letters came and went—bright,

packing ones from him, with odd,

quaint incidents of camp life grotesquely detailed for her, yet with an underflow of home-feeding running through them all. For him there came every week "Lucy's tale," as he called it; and with that and his picture over his heart a church would have been no easier than the camp to Roast Beef. Cheery, hopeful talk it was—she did not know now and then with her tears, the names told no tales to him. Lucy held fast to one article in her creed of living, viz.—to make the best of it, remembering always that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

She went on; and summer was born and burned, and the "battle autumn" began. When the last leaf fell Lucy, looking for her letter, looked in vain; but in the list of dead and wounded fell, one name—"Robert Bowditch, killed" burned from her brain to her heart. But rallying from the shock, most was told strange, overwhelming protest that rose against all proof, and stayed up her soul. Lucy refused to believe her husband dead, listening gently to all who referred to her the damning details, and only saying steadfastly at the last, "Yet for all that, I do not think that Robert is dead. I must trust my heart against all." And all around her looked with wonder as time sped; and Lucy wore no widow's weeds, nor seemed sadder than before, till at length they gave their heads a wise significant shake when she was mentioned, and murmuring, "Not quite right in that respect," dismissed the subject.

One only her strange faith inspired with half belief—her kind old pastor. He knew Lucy was no dreamer, and when she said simply, "I cannot explain it, Mr. Davenport, but I firmly believe that Robert lives, and will come back to me, as I believe in God," he only said "Amen" in a low, hearty way, that helped Lucy wonderfully.

And Lucy, waiting with no sign from Robert, watched the snows fall and fade, lonely but still undismayed. When the birds flew northward again and the uplands smiled in "living green," she said to baby Floss, who was a prime confidant and never gave provoking contrary advice, but only laughed at any and all chagrin. "You and I, Floss, must be doing something and not eat up houses and homes; for when you come we shall wait it, I shall not leave you behind in anybody's hands. We will go to the country together, and I will work and you shall play." So Lucy wrote a little letter, and directing it to Robert, gave it to worthy Mr. Davenport, saying, "I am going away. When I am suited I will send you my address, and when Robert comes, you will please give him this letter, and tell him where to find me." The good old man promised, with a fervent "God bless you," and Lucy and Floss went to the country in search of work.

* * *

Mrs. Harding, good-natured, easy soul as she usually was, growled a little that winter. May morning that seemed to have slipped backward from June, churring slowly in the cool porch of the old red farmhouse that atop the hill. She had so much to do, and she couldn't exactly see why. It was that Jane Jeffries must needs think the hot-stifling cotton mill so much finer a place than helping her at Sunny Hill farm. Here were churning and baking to do, and dinner to get for the hired hands, and Mrs. Harding's fat feet ached already in the early morning with her task scarce begun. But just as she settled herself finally to her churning with the consoling remembrance that "things are as they be, and it's no use fretting," she heard the voice of her husband calling, "Mother, mother!" and answering eagerly as ever, "Coming, father, coming!" hurried to the front door. "Here comes a woman and a little girl up the hill. I don't know who they be. That's nobody I ever saw before, I guess; but s'pose they must be comin' here, and I've got to go right off over to the Carl lot. I know you'd never near the knocker way off in that back porch!" And Solomon Harding took himself to the Carl lot, calling back as he went, "Have dinner ready at sharp 12, mother! I'm going to drive home today."

One morning, when earth fairly overflowed with sun, and every breeze came as if it blew direct from the "shining shore," Floss, rubbing in and out at her play, asked, with strange, wistful pertinacity, "When will papa come, mamma? I am so that waiting!" And Lucy, looking across the orchards snuffed up to entwining skies, that seemed for once almost to touch her, made little answer, but crept silently to heaven from a nest that was strained almost beyond endurance—"How long?"

Was it, after all, only a vale delusion that had possessed her soul? Was her heart aching at her son some long, strange trance, to realize for the first time its utter desolation? She wrestled wildly with her unbelief. She called almost fiercely after her departing father—"Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

Mr. Harding stood waiting and wondering at the door while up the hill in the sweet May morning came Lucy and little Floss. The air was full of balm, the trees in robes of snow and rose, just trembled to the soft breeze, birds darted nectar, and you, dear breast or mother's wing gleaming in the sunlight, and Floss chattered about as intelligibly as any of the merry tribe at two wonders on every side. Lucy's heart fluttered a little as she neared the door, but took firm courage as she saw Mrs. Harding's ample, matronly figure and pleasant face framed by the doorway. "Come right in, dears," she said. "The little girl must be tired. Why, she's nothing but a baby!" Then Lucy told her simple story. How Robert went to war, and she was alone and must do something till he came back. How she thought, if she could only find some place in the country, she could keep little Floss with her, where she could have plenty of good air and a mother's care. Mrs. Harding's heart warmed at once to the little clear-eyed woman and smiling Floss. Perhaps she thought of her own baby son and little Floss to her lips and kissed her, only her baby was a stout, tramping soldier now, gone to the war as Robert had. But he was the last of a large circle which had scattered far and wide, and he was always "her baby" to Mrs. Harding.

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growing more and more in love with her "neat-handed Floss," as the morning waxed; and Lucy went busily about with her quiet womanly tact.

just like the little lamb in the spring, for all the world." Solomon loved children, and strategic Mrs. Harding said, to help carry the outposts, when she suggested to Lucy that Floss might run before the door a little "because of the critter won't round to steer her."

"Well, well, whom little girl be?" came to her blushing ears, with Floss' rippling laugh to answer, advancing quickly to Solomon's broad shoulder, and came riding into the house to triumph.

"Dinner's all ready, father. Set right down and eat. I'll tell you all about it after that," said Mrs. Harding, as Solomon's eyes rested languidly on Lucy. She hadn't been married 30 years not to have learned the names and reasons best fitted to find favor for her in Solomon's eyes. And she got her way that time. Floss was won him from the first. Solomon's eye was quick to note the difference between Lucy's quick ways and those of posy, clumsy Jane, and when Mrs. Harding bowed him with a triumphant air, that letter from Lucy's minister, Solomon yielded without parley, for he had a peculiar reverence for "Solomon," as many a traveling elder had gold cause to know, fearing at his hospital board, or resting in Mrs. Harding's spare bed, which towered higher than ever such occasions from the extra backsliding up she gave it.

So Lucy and Floss found a new home at Sunny Hill farm. Days came and went; and though Lucy's heart beat easily sometimes for word from Robert, her faith never wavered, and for Floss' sake she was cheerful always. "I will not darken her days," she thought. "Robert will come back to me at God's time. He helps me to wait." Once Mrs. Harding asked her when she last heard from her husband; and Lucy told her all the hard, cruel facts, and added at the last, "Yet for all that, I do not think that Robert is dead. I must trust my heart against all."

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And Solomon ejaculated in contemptuous wonder at the never-failing "notions" of womanhood. "What and I and she had never tried for a pension? I never see about everything else."

A year rolled round. Rakings the sweet-breathed bay in the lowland meadows, while Floss tumbled at her "own sweet will" among the long windrows, strunging endless knots of spiny apples to hang in the yellow October sunshine—apt learner of gold Mother Harding at her old-fashioned spinning wheel, till while the snow whined without, the fleecy rolls within almost as white, whirled into yards as fine and even that Mrs. Harding exhibited it with intense satisfaction, as neighbor after neighbor, "droppin' in," made the customary inquiry as to "Who does her spinning this year?"—so Lucy lived and labored, prayed and waited till May wheeled her place in the 12's procession once more. The air was balmy again, the blossoms blew and the birds circling low about the eaves of the old house, and then lost in "field of viewless air, held every day a carnival."

During the late campaign an Illinois candidate for the legislature was driving through the country, seeking votes among the farmers, when he met a young man in farmer's garb, walking by the roadside.

Having in mind a prospective vote,

he stopped his horse, and saluting him in a familiar manner, inquired:

"Are you paying any attention to politics nowadays?"

The young man stopped, looked at him suspiciously, and drawled out: "No, stranger; that don't happen to be my gal's name; but if it was, I wouldn't think it was any of your durned business."

This ended the interview as well as the prospect.

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"Not if it's the last thing," said Lucy.

"So beautiful it is?" she answered.

"It's an exquisite shade of purple I should love to have a dress of that color."

Doctor Prewitt nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

The committee winked to the professor and whispered, "You win."

* * *

Her Name Was Not Polly Ticks.

* * *

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* * *

Flurry in Hams.

* * *

"If I ever catch the editor of the Swampdoodle Gazette I am going to throw him within an inch of his life," said the tall Thespian in the celluloid solar. "Never was so insulted in my life."

"What happened, me lord?" asked the blushing footlights.

"Why, on our last tour we got stranded and passed the night in a barn. Somebody the barn caught fire and we had to run for our lives."

"And did the Swampdoodle Gazette write it up?"

"Did it?" Why, the next day the thing came out on the market page under the heading of "Another Furry in Smoked Hams!"—Chicago Journal.

* * *

A Labor Saving Device.

* * *

The young couple had taken a house in the suburbs of Boston for the summer and they were besieged with complaints.

The men were enjoying the cool of the evening on the plaza, when one of the party remarked to his host:

"Do you know, Fred, there's something the matter with your front gate?"

"What's the matter with your front gate?" asked the young man.

"It's a brutal smash. It was so

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Name of writer must be clearly written, 2. full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief, as it is not consistent with clearness to write on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the page number. 5. Letters addressed to contributors are to be forwarded, unless the blank stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query, and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES— Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Newgate, Edward, d. Feb. 5, 1741, ag. 54.—Common ground.

Newberry, Benjamin, d. Nov. 1711, ag. 58 yrs.—Clifford ground.

Newbury, Walter, d. Aug. 7, 1607, ag. 40 yrs.—Clifford ground.

Newgate, Nathaniel, born London, d. at Warwick, Jan. 16, 1746, ag. 53 yrs.—Common ground.

Newgate, Nathaniel, Esq., of Warwick, d. Jan. 31, 1746, ag. 52 yrs.—Common ground.

Newgate, Sarah, wife of Nathaniel, Esq., d. July 18, 1727, ag. 54 yrs.—Common ground.

Newell, David, of Joseph and Ann, of Charlestown, Mass., d. Sept. 23, 1746, ag. 14 yrs.—Common ground.

Newton, Abigail, wife of John, d. March 28, 1781, ag. 40.—Coaster's Harbour.

Newton, Sarah, wife of Thomas, d. Nov. 14, 1772, ag. 56 yrs.—Common ground.

Newton, Simon, of Simon and Mary, d. Jan. 16, 1763, ag. 2 y. 8 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, Abigail, of Kendall and Mary, d. Mar. 30, 1728, ag. 8 y. 1 m. 12 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, Catherine, of Walter and Rachel, d. Aug. 27, 1795, ag. 16 yrs.—Common ground.

Nichols, Capt. George, d. Mar. 29, 1781, ag. 48 yrs.—Common ground.

Nichols, Capt. Herbert, d. Jan. 25, 1780, ag. 55 yrs.—Common ground.

Nichols, James, of Kendall and Mary, d. Oct. 7, 1710, ag. 22 yrs.—Common ground.

Nichols, Jonathan, of Benjamin and Elizabeth, and grandson, Hou.

Jonathan d. June 1, 1764, ag. 34 yrs.—Chaster's Harbour.

Nichols, Joseph, of Samuel and Jo-

sue, d. Apr. 16, 1769, ag. 1 y. 8 m. 7 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, Joseph, of Samuel and Jo-

sue, d. Aug. 11, 1788, ag. 20 yrs.—Common ground.

Nichols, Kendall, Jr., d. Jan. 2, 1774, ag. 52.—Common ground.

Nichols, Kendall, Esq., born Read-

ing, July 18, 1880, d. Sept. 18, 1767, ag. 82.—Common ground.

Nichols, Mary, wife of Capt. Her-

bert, d. Dec. 12, 1740, ag. 27 yrs.—Com-

mon ground.

Nichols, Mary, of Herbert and

Mary, d. Oct. 19, 1781, ag. 1 y. 1 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, Mary, wife of Kendall, d.

June 18, 1768, ag. 75.—Common ground.

Nichols, Thomas, of Herbert and

Mary, d. Aug. 12, 1786, ag. 4 y. 7 m.—Common ground.

Nichols, Thomas, of Herbert and

Phoebe, d. Feb. 2, 1768, ag. 2 y. 5 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, William, of Herbert and

Mary, d. Nov. 13, 1735, ag. 1 y. 21 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, William, of Herbert and

Mary, d. Mar. 18, 1737, ag. 1 y. 14 d.—Common ground.

Nichols, Wm. of Samuel and Jo-

sue, d. Feb. 8, 1725, ag. 10 y. Com-

mon ground.

Nightingale, Mary, d. 1746, (Foot-

note). Common ground.

Nixon, Alice, of James and Alice,

d. Aug. 18, 1760. Common ground.

Nixon, Sarah, wife of James, d.

June 15, 1784, ag. 22 yrs. Common

ground.

Norman, Moses, d. Dec. 1, 1719, d.

July 8, 1770. Island Cemetery.

Norton, Capt. John, of Robert

and Martha, d. Aug. 24, 1742, ag. 61 yrs.—Common ground.

Northam, Martha, wife of Robert,

d. Oct. 21, 1745, ag. 49 yrs.—Common

ground.

Northam, Mary, wife of John, d.

Dec. 13, 1761. Common ground.

Northam, Rachel, of Jobu and

Sarah, d. March 20, 1798, ag. 80 yrs.—Common ground.

Northam, Robert, d. Nov. 6, 1745, ag. 52 yrs.—Common ground.

Norton, Ayle, widow of Benjamin,

d. Aug. 12, 1757, ag. 73. Clifford ground.

Norton, Benjamin, d. June 17, 1765, ag. 74. Clifford ground.

Norton, Daniel, of Jacob and Di-

nah, d. Aug. 30, 1710. Common

ground.

To be continued.

Will of Obadiah Holmes.—The following will is not on record, but the original has recently been found among some private papers.—E. M. T.

These are to Signify that I Obadiah Holmes of Newport on Rhode Island Being at present throw the goodness And mercy of my God of Sound memory, And being by daily intimations put in mind of the frailty And Inevitability of this present life do therefore set Settling my Estate in this world when it hath pleased the Lord to bestow upon mea make And ordaine this my Last will And testament in Matter following Committing my Spirit unto the Lord that gaveth me, And my body to ye Earth from whence it was taken, in hope and Expectation that it shall flour thereon Recked at the Resurrection of the Just.

I. Will that all my Just debts which I owe unto any person be payed by my Executor hereafter named in Convenient time After my decease.

Item I Give And bequeath unto my daughter Mary Brown five pounds in money or Equivalent to money, Item I give And bequeath unto my daughter Martha Odine ten pounds in ye like pay.

Item I give unto my daughter Lydia bound ten pound Item I give And bequeath unto my two grand children ye Children of my daughter Hester still Taylor five pounds Each and if either of them deceas the Survivor to have ten pounds Item I give And bequeath to my son John Holme ten

pounds, Item I give And bequeath unto my Son Obadiah Holmes ten pounds Item I give And bequeath unto my grand Children the Children of my Son Samuel Holmes ten pounds to be paid unto them in Equal portions all these portions by my Requested say will be first be payed by my Executor in money or Equivalent to money.

Item I give And bequeath unto All my grand Children Now living ten pounds And tem shilling in ye like pay to be payed out to by Each of them Allself.

Item I give unto my grand child Martha Brown ten pounds, in the like pay all which aforesaid Legatees are to be payd by my Executor year after named to minor heirexpress that is to say the first paym to payd with to one year after my decease of my wife Katherina Holmes & twenty pound ye year till all my legatees be payd and each to be payd according to the degree of age, My will is and I doe heire by appoint my son Johnathan Holmes my —to executor unto him I have sold all my land housling and stock for the performance of the issue set forth above—And my will is that my executor shall pay unto his mother Katherina Holmes if she survives & lives the sum of twenty pounds in money or money pay for his to dispose of as she shall see cause.

Lastly I doe desire my loving friends Mr. James Barker Senz, Mr. Joseph Clarke and Mr. Philip Smith, all of Newport to be my executors to see this my will truly performed. In witness where of I have heared unto sett my hand and seal this thirtieth day of April 1681,

Obadiah Holmes

Signed Sealed and Delivered

In the presence of

Edward Thurston

Weston Clark BEAL

Edward Thurston, Senr and Weston Clark Appeared before us Councill the 4th of December 1682. And did upon their ingagments declare & owne that they saw Obadiah Holmes deceased Signe Seal and deliver the Above Written Will as his Act and dead and at ye time of ye sealing hereof he was in his perfitt memory according to ye best of our understanding Taken before us Councill As Attest Weston Clark Town Clerk.

The Above Written Will is Entred on Record to the 60 page of the Coucills book No. 2 belonging to ye town of Newport.

Querries

7283. HALLET—Can any one give me the ancestry of Richard Baxter Hallet, his birth date and entainment in the army?—P. A. L.

7284. BENTLEY—A Captain John Bentley sailed from Newport between 1816 and 1815 with a cargo of brick and lime, bound for New York or Baltimore, and was never heard of again. I should like to know the name of his vessel and the date when he sailed. Did he take any part in the War of 1812? In 1778 there were Letters of Marque and Reprisal issued to Wm. Bentley of Newport. Can any one give further information as to this man, particularly his age?

In March 25, 1778, there was a boat "Black Snake" of Providence, Capt. Wm. Bentley. Who was this man? I would like to connect either or both of these two Capt. Bentleys with the two sea captains of the same name who were in East Greenwich in 1778.—F. B.

7285. VALETTE—A Capt. Vallette (spelled variously), who was a Frenchman and prisoner of war, was in Newport, 1720-1725. He married there and had children, or a son at least, Jeremias, born about 1725. This son married, Dec. 27, 1750, Anne Bissell, of North Kingstown, where he was living at that time. Would like a little light on Capt. Vallette, name and parentage of his wife, and the main facts of the ancestry of Anne Bissell, wife of the son Jeremias.

Her father is said to be John.—L. B.

7286. BRAYTON—Gideon Brayton son of Thomas and Mary, of Coventry, R. I., is said to have married Hannah Remington. Can any one give me date of this marriage, and also names and dates of birth of their children?—B. R.

She Stoops to Conquer.

One of the best and certainly the most picturesque readings yet given by the members of the Unity Club was that of Tuesday evening, when Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was presented. The evening was under the charge of the President of the club, and every character in the play was clothed in the costume of the 18th century. Furniture, most of which was over 100 years old, was used in the stage settings; tapestries and old prints decorated the walls, and on the side board old silver occupied the place of honor. The reading was a most creditable one, every character being excellently portrayed.

As Miss Hardcastle, Miss Rita Higbee acted the part with a dainty and delicate touch, and looked so attractive in her housewife's dress that the audience appreciated the beautiful Marlow's instantly falling under her charms.

Mrs. Burrows as Mrs. Hardcastle brought out forcefully her anxiety over her "booby" son Tony, and also her appreciation of his clownishness.

Mrs. Ethel Plummer, who took the color part of the maid, made a hit, although she was on the stage but a few minutes.

Mrs. Evelyn Lawton as Miss Neville acted her part with much spirit and read her lines well. Her costume in the last scene was most effective.

Mr. L. W. Crandall, who was cast for the character of Tony, took his audience by storm from the first going up of the curtain. He is a new reader before Newport audiences, and his fresh expression and acting showed that he had made a careful study of dramatic art.

Mr. H. Wheeler, as Diggory, Slingo, and Jeremy, showed much versatility and took the three parts to the satisfaction of all.

Dr. Squire as Hardcastle, Mr. Joseph S. Milne as Hastings, and Mr. A. O'D. Taylor as Young Marlow, are so well known at the Unity Club that comment

seems superfluous. Their costumes were excellent, and the three figures looked as if they might have stepped out from the old Colonial days.

An audience of fully 350 taxed the capacity of the Channing Parlor to the utmost.

Next Wednesday will be the first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday. A comprehensive programme of services to last until Easter has been arranged by the rectors of the Episcopal churches in the city.

Item I give unto my daughter Lydia bound ten pound Item I give And bequeath unto my two grand children ye Children of my daughter Hester still Taylor five pounds Each and if either of them deceas the Survivor to have ten pounds Item I give And bequeath to my son John Holme ten

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